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The Educational Trend

No one can follow the movement of the educational forces at the present time without speculating on what the outcome will be. Enormous sums of money are being put into educational channels. There is world wide activity among educational institutions. Moreover this activity is in progress under cooperative systems which far surpass those of any past time.

Almost simultaneously a dozen or more of our states legislatures made appropriations of money to defray the expenses of commissions which are to investigate the present educational needs of their several states and make reports, and recommendations, for future legislation. The men appointed to serve on these commissions are ones in positions to determine the present demands. In some states the commissions have considered every phase in life. They have made the field of education much more extensive. In all of the states they have reached higher standards of work and of necessity better preparation by those who expect to instruct. In our own state, Illinois, the commission recommended four years as a minimum preparation for teaching and four years additional for the teacher of the high school. These recommendations were drafted into a bill and introduced in our state legislature and passed both branches and failed because of the Governor's failure to sign it. Unless there is a general abatement in educational interest the bill will be up again for passage and will eventually become a law.

There are two other forces that are exerting an influence among our educational institutions. One is the conference held by educators. The best and most characteristic institutions of the country are represented in these conferences. The future demands on the students are discussed and sentiment is crystalized for higher standards. The other is the Carnegie Pension Fund. Andrew Carnegie set aside $10,000,000, and later $2,000 000 additional, the income of which was to be used to pension college professors. However, one of the stipulations laid down was that the college in which an eligible professor instructed should have a certain standard of excellence. The requirement for entrance must be at least 14 units. Many colleges which prior to this time had no definite work prescribed for entrance are now shaping their courses as rapidly as possible to meet the requirements of the committees which have charge of this fund. To be recognized by this committee is a matter of interest to any college. Moreover it makes a position in the college much more attractive to the professor. The influence

of this donation is apparent throughout all the United States and Canada. Sixty-two colleges have already met the conditions.

For a long time the system in education used by the Germans has been attracting the attention of all the best nations of the world. As a consequence the German universities have been the favorites of students who could afford the luxury of spending a year, or two years, abroad. This interest in German schools finally brought an offer from Harvard University in 1904, to exchange a professor with the University of Berlin. The offer was accepted. Since this time several of the leading universities of our country have affected exchanges with German universities and the universities of other countries. This is bringing about a world wide infusion of ideas and is helping to standardize schools.

Not only is the influence of these movements felt in the higher institutions of learning but it directly affects the academic and other preparatory schools. It means that every phase of education is to be carefully worked out as the demand comes. It means that there will be a greater stability in our educational system; that no one man will promulgate a system but that our educational system will be the consumation of the thought of many master minds. We believe there will be less swing and consequently more substantial onward progress.

Socratic

The boys held an organization meeting Monday, September 27th, for the purpose of reorganizing the Socratic Debating Society and for the election of officers to the same. The society was reorganized and the following officers were duly elected:

President, Eugene Risley; Vice President, Lloyd Bunting; Secretary, A. A. Seibert; Treasurer, Loren Hill; First Critic, Albert Walton; Second Critic, Frank Stewart; Janitor, Raymond S. Buxton.

The meetings will be held every Monday evening in the Chapel room of the college building from the hour of seven continuing to eight p. m.

There will be debating, essays, poems, extemporary speeches and parliamentary drill in which every boy should take part.

All the boys should arrange to attend these meetings for they give training which is absolutely essential to every boy's educational development. It will take but from one hour to one hour and thirty minutes from your books, will be of untold pleasure and a benefit to you.

At each meeting the program for the following meeting, to be held one week later will be presented to the society by one of the critics and if accepted will be posted on the bulletin board in the lower hall for inspection.

If your name is placed on the program do not think that you cannot do your part but go to work and in the week, which you are given for preparation work up something, come to the meeting and do your best, as it is the only way to get the training so much desired. You should consider it a favor to have your name placed on the program, for remember, it is for your personal benefit.

The first meeting of this year was held Monday evening, October 4th. At the meeting remarkable interest was shown. The debate was taken up in a very spirited way and the critic's report in general indicated satisfactory work.

HER SACRIFICE

The Story of a Dishpan

It was a wonderful moonlight night that Winifred Merlton lay watching the shifting shadows that stretched far out across the rolling lawns that lay around her home. 'Twas a night through which God told his old, old love message to all who watched and listened.

"How beautiful it is" she breathed. "I never realized how beautiful before." Then to herself—"Yes, all but you. You are the only blur on this heavenly night."

Then she began to run over in her mind the things that had happened during the day. She thought of the tennis game that she had played and wished that she had let the little neighbor girl win it. She thought of the article that had caught her eye and that she had read at the library table, the story of a missionary who had sacrificed her life in South America thought "Why what sacrifice have I ever made?" She thought of the girl whom she had passed at the corner and of the happiness that shone upon her face, and thought:

"Why am I not that happy?" Then "Yes I have thought so for a long time and now I know that I am lacking something. There is something without which I cannot be happy." Again she thought of the South American missionary. "A sacrifice—Why can't I in my 'wee sma' way make my sacrifice?" And she began to think of the things that she most disliked to do. Suddenly she sat up very straight and said to the man in the moon in a very decided manner, "I'll wash all the dishes three times a day for two—three months! It's a funny thing to do I know, but it's the thing above all others that I hate to do and maybe it will be just a very small sacrifice."

And so it was that Katie, having been sworn to secrecy in regard to the matter, was relieved from the dish washing. "For" she explained "mother would understand, of course, but father—never."

Winifred would indeed have been abnormal had she liked dish washing—but she was not. There were so many delightful things that might have been done, always coming at the same time that the dish pan claimed her attention. And yet it was interesting to hear how many lemons the grocery man's Aunt Lucy ate each day for her rheumatism and it was joy to pretend not to notice that Katie tried each morning with frantic efforts to conceal the fact that she slipped a huge piece of pie to the same grocery man. She had never seen a brighter or more wide-awake face than that of the little vegetable boy, Bud Reyner, who brought fresh vegetables each morning from the country. She came to look forward with a great deal of interest to the times when she could hear the enthusiastic description of the preparations going on in the little country home, for his sister's wedding, and about his "mother's chum's daughter, Fay" who had come to live with them when her mother died, how poor they had been, how much they all loved this girl and how smart she was. And so it was that she learned to love Bud's people and longed for the time to come when the wedding dress should be brought home, "all ready to wear to the church," as much as did Bud himself.

One morning she proposed "Now Bud, how would this suit you? You come and wipe the dishes and then

I'll teach you how to play tennis!"

"Why Miss Winnie, I'd just love to do the dishes with you es long es I live. And it'll make mother happy fer me to play tennis fer she wants me to have a chance to do things like her brothers used to do when they lived down in the big house on the plantation." And when he set to work with such skill and speed that Winifred was compelled to work hard to keep work before her helper, in a remarkably short time they were running across the lawn hand in hand, carrying the net, and the ball and rackets.

Bud had proved himself a surprisingly apt pupil and as Winifred sat thinking over the game, after Bud had mounted his vegetable wagon and started home, she decided that it had been positively the most interesting game that she had ever played.

The next morning she knew from the very moment that she set eyes on Bud that something unusual was afloat. And indeed there was. The little linen envelope that he put in her hand proved it. Taking it between her teeth, she very recklessly dried her hands on her apron and perching herself on a corner of the table, tore it open. Bud stood beaming. Katie stood wondering. From the expression on Winfred's face, one would judge that she was devouring a message that was making her supremely happy. Slipping to the floor she gave Bud's sturdy shoulders a shake. "Oh Bud, it's lovely. To think that I'm going to see that wedding with my own eyes, that we've talked about so much! What more could mortal desire!" Then with a gathering mist in her big, hungry, dark eyes— "But why should your people care enough about me, me, whom they have never seen, to ask me to this wedding that seems so sacred to them—and to me? Bud, tell them I appreciate it. Tell them I appreciate it." Then the thought of going came back to her, and she executed a very un-Winifred-like jig on the kitchen floor, while Katie murmured,

"Now, what's changed the child so, I'm a-wonderin'. "

That afternoon, Winifred Merlton, dressed for the street, came down the broad stone steps of her elegant home.

"Whither going, Winifred?" her brother called. "You act as though you were actually in a hurry."

"Shopping," she threw over her shoulder. But she shopped that day in a hardware store for the first time in her life.

That night, locked in her room, she sat on the floor in the midst of an array of all sizes of white granite pots and pans and kettles and spoons, the result of her afternoon s shopping.

"Happy," she sighed, "I was never so happy in my life. And only a week ago I was wretched. I got more real joy out of buying these things than I ever got out of buying anything before. And these are about the only things I ever got that weren't for myself, excepting Christmas presents. I wonder—maybe that's why I'm so happy all inside. Because I thought and acted for somebody; not myself. And just two days to wait for the wedding."

Katie, bedecked in her best green silk dress, sat on the front seat of the Merlton trap, beside a very dainty and attractive driver, dressed in an airy white dress, and looking immensely pleased with the world at large. Katie was going along for company and was to sit behind a tree and darn stockings and keep very carefully out of sight during the ceremony.

"Katie, are you keeping your eye on those packages?" the driver asked.

"Indeed, and Oi am, Miss Winifred."

Then as they came around a

curve in the road "Now there, in that grove of trees, Katie O'Neil, is the church. Just one more curve and we'll be in full view. Do I look nervous, Katie? I feel so awfully excited. There! Oh don't you hope, Katie, that if you ever do get married you can have it done right there in that dear little, old stone church, all covered with ivy, with the moss on the roof? Now I'll tie up here while you get out." Then as she saw her vain efforts to reach the ground, "Wait though, and I'll help you." But Katie jumped, for she had seen a number of buggies approaching the church, and made a dash for a big tree. When she had reached it she called back

"Miss Winifred, throw me me darnin' bag, that's a darlint."

Then Bud came bouncing up with a "Hurry up, Miss Winnie, I want to introduce you to a mighty fine man before the wedding. Quick! Miss Merlton this is Mr. Ward" with a great show of importance.

"Why Winifred—how under the—"

"Raymond Ward! You here!"

Bud was slightly amazed and Winifred noticed it. "You see," she explained "I know Mr. Ward quite well. He is my brother's chum."

Beautiful soft chords from the little organ called them into the church. The late afternoon sun streaming through the small, stained windows, fell as a blessing upon Bud's beautiful sister and the sturdy young farmer by her side. Bud looked up into Winifred's face and whispered:

"Ain't sister beautiful, Miss Winnie?"

"Beautiful, Bud, beautiful."

"That's Fay that's a playin'," he told her.

Then they listened, "For better, for worse"—ran the vow—"until death us do part."

As Bud lead her toward his sister he stopped to ask "What's the matter, Miss Winnie? What made the tears in your eyes?"

She tightened her grasp on his arm, "Nothing, Bud. Your sister just made me understand what marriage ought to be, that's all."

After Bud had introduced her all around and made her feel as though she had known these people always, Mrs. Reyner said,

"Now we'll all go through the woods to Alice's new home and have lunch together. It's only a step and we'll leave the horses here."

This came as a surprise to Winifred and she hesitated, "But it will be dark and the drive—"

"But it can be arranged I think." Raymond Ward interrupted. "Bud, can you drive home with Miss Merlton (I'll drive just behind you) and then you can stay the night with me."

"Well, that suits Bud" that young piece of manhood answered. And so it was arranged.

They had gone but a short distance when Winifred remembered the packages in the trap.

"Ray, I forgot some packages. Let's you and I run back and get them, and then you can explain to me how you came to be here. Tell me about it."

"Well, you see, I ran across this fellow, the groom, one day when I was hunting and he asked me home to dinner with him. I liked him and we hunted together several times after that. Then the other day, he came into my quarters and asked me to come to his wedding (I didn't know then how much I was going to enjoy it.) And I came and found you here, Winifred. How comes it girl?"

"It's a long, long story. Let's sit here on this log. And I wouldn't tell you about it Ray, if I didn't think that you would understand, for it means so much to me, more than anything else that ever came into my life."

(To be Continued)

Locals

All persons wishing to take vocal music (?) apply to Prof. Hines.

H. Seibert—"I made three missnakes in that lesson."

The lecture course by the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. is an assured fact. The first number will probably be given about the first of November.

What do you think of the Junior yells?

Prof. Reynolds—"If the chemical action caused by the burning of wood is neither synthetic nor analytic, then what is it Miss Woodham?"

Rowena—"Anesthetic."

Ask Mary Campbell about her "brown-eyed beauty."

Mr. Hines, in Chapel—"Blest be the tie that binds Dennis."

Soph—"I wonder if Mr. Harte curls his hair?"

Junior—"Yes he puts it up on curl-papers every night."

Miss Tompkins, in German—"Fraulein Cash, give the word for man, a human being—one of our favorites."

Mr. Anderson, in geometry—"Is an angle of 10 degrees a slim or a heavy set angle?"

Miss Tompkins in German—"Now come to order girls—Tee hee!"

WANTED—Someone to hold R. Buxton in his seat.

Miss Tompkins—"Miss McKibben, what is the word for grandmother?"

Alice—"Grossmutter."

Miss T.—"Article, please?"

Alice—"Well I don't see how you can tell what gender that is.

Miss Tompkins—"Give me the word for man, not a human being,—I don't want that kind of a man."

Our local photographer, Dukes, is in Evansville this week attending the Eastman School of Professional Photography. Watch for new ideas.

What they are noted for—Miss Gates for "the bright smile that haunts you still."

Albert Edwards—for his quiet disposition.

WANTED—A smaller black board for "Little Jim."

Edith Funkhouser's favorite German word—"Madchen."

WANTED—Hooks large enough to hold their hats. See Edith Curdling and Edith Funkhouser.

We understand that Mr. Hines has a corner on lead pencils. Will the plagues of corporations never cease?

Your friends would like postals of you with the college as a background. Dukes will make first class ones at eighty cents per dozen.

Buxton, impersonator crack debater, poet, centre on girls' basket ball team, former full back on foot ball team and chief inquisitor.

Risley wants us all to get to literary on time so that he won't have to wait on us.

The boys were beaten by Carmi on the ninth, but through the comment there run an undertone of October 23.

We are told that A. A. Seibert is going to die.

Gene (on the Monday morning after the Carmi game)—Gee, I didn't find out that my arm was sore until last night.

Cheer up Jones, come on, we're a lively set, get into it.

Ten Minutes in an Aztec Ruin

Since the day, long years ago, when we had eyed each other across the table through the speculative homesick eyes of freshmen, in old P. A., Dick Bronson and I had been chums and boon companions. We had roomed together, chummed together, cribbed together and fought together until we had become almost as inseparable as the far-famed Siamese twins.

Practically the only thing upon which Dick and I disagreed was in our hobbies. For contrary to the usual college young men we each had one of those most interesting, useless things. Dick's hobby, growing out of a deep love for bug and plantology was the pursuit of that rarest and most beautiful of all plants, the orchid; while mine tended rather to claiming from earth the history of past ages. While yet a child, a picture of the great stone pillars of Stoneheuge had filled me with a strange awe and I had long ago determined that I should spend my life and fortune in the pursuit of traces of bygone nations.

So it happened that one day in late summer he and I were together in South America, he in search of a very rare specimen of the "fragile parasite," which was reputed to grow near the head of the Amazon river; I searching for a fabled Aztec ruin, reported to be in the same region.

For a month and a half we had been making the laborious journey up the Amazon river through the dense tropical growth, across sloughs and quicksands, and not until the morning of the memorable day of which I am about to speak did we notice any change in the physical features of the surrounding country. Early in the morning of this day however, we had emerged into a comparatively open forest. Overhead the foliage was extremely dense but the tropical vines were absent, leaving gloomy canopied avenues between the great boles of the forest giants.

Night was approaching and the wierd half-light beneath the great trees was fast fading. We had been skirting the edge of a dense, impenetrable thicket for some time when we came upon it. Before us white and ghostly in the gathering gloom there arose two great white figures. We approached slowly but not until quite near did we perceive them to be two great pillars of stone connected at the top by a third great slab of white rock.

We gazed at them silently a few moments with feelings of mingled curiosity and awe, when suddenly comprehension flashed upon me.

The Aztec ruin!

We quickly dismounted, and leaving the horses in care of Dick, I started ahead to examine the ruin. A closer examination proved the three great stones to be but the first of a series which formed an arched pathway leading back into the thicket. Leaving Dick to build the fire and make the other preparations for camp, I started on a tour of exploration.

As I proceeded I found myself walking between grey moss-covered walls of stone which looked as though they might have been standing unmolested for centuries. In places vines crept in through crevices and covered the walls with a pale green growth, but as I advanced the walls became more perfect until the external world was extinguished and I made my way between the dark, danp walls by my feeble candle light alone. At last I had emerged from the arched pathway into a large room built of huge blocks of stone of like appearance and color to those of the pathway.

The room seemed to be in as good condition as it was previous to its abandonment, save that a part of the roof made of huge slabs of stone had fallen in and lay in a confused mass upon the floor.

On one of these I seated myself and sat musing. Gradually the mystery of the dead centuries came over me and I found myself picturing the things that might have happened in the old ruin. To myself I pictured long troops of bronzed figures trooping in through the open gateway in the grey of early dawn to make their sacrifices on the altars of their heathen gods. I could see the white robed priests receiving the humble offerings and placing them on the fires which were never extinguished, then the bronzed figures filing out with heads and shoulders bent in all humility, ready for another day of depredation and war.

Suddenly I noticed that in my preoccupation I had missed some of the details of the room. Far over in one corner, in a niche partly secluded from the rest of the building there burned on a low altar a pale blue flame. I started in amazement, hardly able to believe the evidence of my own eyes. Even as I looked the flame flickered higher and wavered to and fro in the faint current of air that entered at the great hole above my head.

I had watched this peculiar appearance intently for some time and was contemplating investigating the phenomenon when I became aware of a slight rustling to my right. I turned my head cautiously in the direction of the sound and saw that a door whose existence I had not suspected, was slowly and softly opening. I slipped down behind the stone on which I was sitting and awaited developments.

The huge wooden door swung slowly open and a shaft of yellow light shot the deepening gloom of the ruin. For a moment it fell upon my eyes full and blinding; then the body of an immense man intruded between me and the source of light. He was the exact likeness of the bronzed figures which I had pictured a short time before, except that he was infinitely larger—a veritable giant of a man. Immediately following him was a woman evidently of the same race, who bore in her hand a sort of taper, the source of the yellow light. Having passed through the doorway they stepped to one side and paused, revealing the greatest wonder of all. Supported between two servants was an aged man who appeared to be in the last stage of feebleness. His eyes were closed and sunken and the long hair and beard which fell half way to his knees, were as white as snow. In his hands, seemingly grasped with all the last remnants of a once gigantic strength he held a parchment, unrolled, and covered with a sort of yellow, shining powder.

On they came slowly and deliberately, making toward the fire which still blazed and flickered in the little niche. As they were about to pass me and I was trembling in fear of discovery, the woman extinguished the candle and they advanced by the light of the fire alone which now burned more brightly in the deepening gloom. As they neared the fire the servants dropped back and bowed in an attitude of reverence. The patriarch stood before the fire, swaying feebly to and fro, holding in his outstreched hands the unrolled parchment. Slowly, carefully he leaned forward, and suddenly, with a lightning movement of the aged arm he sifted the yellow powder into the fire.

Instantly a dense column of smoke arose and the room became filled with a sweet sickening incense. The fig-

(Concluded on Page 172)

Y. M. C. A. Notes

A new year for the Y. M. C. A. has now opened and let us all strive to make this its greatest year. We can if we struggle consistently.

Every boy who is not already a member of the Y. M. C. A. should become one at once, for no one can be in school even for one term and afford not to actively identify himself with the association.

The past meetings have been well attended but we notice a few who as yet hold aloof. Why not come to our meetings, boys? You can never fully estimate the good which you will obtain. It will give you a fuller view of this narrow life.

In this issue of the "Student" will be found a financial report of the treasurer. This shows exactly the financial standing and the business done for this year. These reports will be given several times during the year. Examine them and you may see how we collect and disemburse our funds. Those students who left school last year, yet gave their pledges to the Y. M. C. A. for various amounts, especially deserve the thanks of the association.

The pledges given last Spring are now due and are being collected by the treasurer. The amount raised in this way is very gratifying. Nearly forty dollars was raised in this way.

Our new Bible Study books have come. They are a most excellent work of the life of Christ. A goodly number of these books have been sold and a few are yet on hand. Every boy should get one and join our class.

Our last year's lecture course was very good, but we think we can have a better one for this year. The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A's. are going to give this course jointly this year. This will strengthen it and be an aid in securing excellent speakers.

We hope this year to have several men at the Presidents' Conference and at least one or two at the Lake Geneva Conference. No boy who can possibly arrange to attend these can afford to miss them.

The association has two papers, one of them the Intercollegian, the other one a standard work. These will be placed on the reading rack in the library and we invite you all to examine and read them and ask you to handle them carefully in order that they may last so that all may have the opportunity of reading them.

We are hoping to secure a Y. M. room in the new building to be constructed shortly. Don't you think we deserve one?

The Cabinet officers endeavor to meet at least once a week for the discussion of any business which may be on hand.

We wish to impress upon all the boys the importance of meeting and having a personal talk with our State Students Secretary, O. E. Jacobs, on the occasion of his visit to us in the near future. Jacobs is a splendid man, inspiring and progressive and it is very essential that every boy in school meet him and give him an opportunity for personal conversation.

It is probable that the Y. M. and the Y. W. will have some joint meetings this year. We hope this may be brought about for it would be very strengthening to us, for the girls have a very splendid organization and also the girls may receive benefit from such meetings.

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Lloyd Bunting
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Ruth Clark Local Editor.
Raymond Buxton .. Exchange Editor.
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EDITORIAL

Almost all of the students enrolled in regular work are back this year. The Juniors have returned in almost full force, and with the addition of a number of High School students, have a very fine class.

—✦—

From the relative number of boys and girls in attendance it would certainly mean disaster to the boys to agitate the woman's suffrage question. Better believe ardently in woman's suffrage for about nine months, fellows.

—✦—

Owing to the fact that Miss Bernadine Strawn, the local editor of the Student, elected last spring, is not in school this year Miss Ruth Clark has been appointed to act in that capacity. Anyone having a good local will please give it to Miss Clark.

—✦—

The Freshman class is unusually large this year and the way they go at things is a credit to the easy-going upper-classmen. Go it, Freshies, and perhaps if you don't get killed in one of Caeser's Gallic Wars you'll be Seniors or better still, Juniors, by-and-by.

—✦—

The Egyptian Student should be in the hands of every student in the school. We need the money and you need the paper. Also the paper should be of the students, by the students, for the students. It is the least of the desires of the management to hold the publication for themselves or for any class or clique of students. If you have a good local joke or anything of that sort give it to the local editor. And it might be added, good stories and essays are always acceptable.

—✦—

The purpose of our education is not that we might be able to speak Latin work problems in Algebra, or anything of that sort, but that we might gain sufficient mind training to be able to grapple with the problems of everyday life. Many of us lose sight of this fact in the engrossing pursuit of the above mentioned studies and make no effort to find out what the problems are which confront us, individually as citizens, collectively as a nation. The way to find out these things is to follow the discussion of them in the newspapers and magazines. It takes but a few minutes each day to glance through a newspaper and keep abreast of the course of events. If you are particularly busy read the headlines of articles only. They are usually the article itself in a condensed form, and will at least give a general idea of the subject at hand. Keep up with the times. Don't be a back number. Fellows how many know what the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy was about and how it ended?

Athletics

The school never had brighter prospects in athletics. The foot ball team is already doing good work and will soon have a good coach to still further improve them, and judging from last year's showing in basket ball we certainly ought to have a good team, or even two teams in this sport.

A practice game was "pulled off" at the fair grounds, Wednesday, September 29, with the Albion High School Alumni team, and despite the fact that about five or six of our boys had never before played they made a good showing and only let their opponents have twelve points while they got none.

On Saturday, October 2, our first regular scheduled game of this season was played at the home grounds with the Mt. Carmel High School team. The Mt. Carmel fellows, though small, played a good game; however our boys were too much for them and by some good heady playing came off victors, with the score standing 17-0.

During the game with the A. H. S. A. team a serious accident happened. Mr. Newman of the High School was the unfortunate one, receiving injuries consisting of a fractured rib and probably internal injuries. This will lay Mr. Newman out of foot ball for this season. We all hope for him a speedy recovery.

The girls have organized an athletic association, with Miss Mary Campbell as president. We are very glad to hear this and will expect a crack girls' team in basket ball.

The boys are anxiously awaiting their coach, whom they obtained by pledging themselves to the sum of fifty dollars. This money will probably be raised by a box supper and by personal gifts.

It takes just one thing to make athletics a success this year and that is the support of the entire school. The lack of this support was the main factor in the failure of last year's base ball team. We don't want another team of any kind to meet with such success, therefore we should resolve to give our support through thick and thin right from the start.

LOYD BUNTING.

—✦—

The athletic prospect for 1909 is most cheering with one decisive victory behind us and an athletic director soon to be with us.

The first regular game of the foot ball schedule was played on the home gridiron on Saturday, October 2nd. The Mt. Carmel fellows, although outweighed, put up a game fight and the contest was good throughout. Reynolds, the S. C. I. right half, fumbled on the kick-off, but recovered quickly and returned the ball a few yards. Then the fight began in earnest. Although the score looks large Mt. Carmel threatened to score three times, so the game was exciting. The S. C. I. backs were able to make gains through the line at all times and the halves made good gains around the ends.

Mt. Carmel on two occasions made a get-away around end and were pulled up by the S. C. I. back field. On another occasion they made an excellent forward pass and the S. C. I. back field man made a clean tackle a moment after the runner received the ball. Soon after on an attempted forward the S. C. I. man shouldered the receiver aside and the ball striking the ground, the regular

fifteen yard penalty was given to the S. C. I's. advantage.

Mt. Carmel worked a criss-cross on the kick-off twice with good effect, but the third time the trick failed and the ball was fumbled and much ground gained by the S. C. I.

As the team plays now Hill, the quarter and Harris, the left half, play ends on the defense. This works them too hard and we hope soon to have our ends trained so as to eliminate this.

As the team stands now only one of last year's players on the regular team is back, while five of the subs last year are first squad men now. The remaining fellows are entirely new to foot ball but are learning fast. Although we will lose some games at first, still by mid-season we hope to be in condition to win consistently.

The squad at present is as follows: L. Hill, G. Bunting, G. Harris, P. Reynolds, J. Walton, A. Walton, H. Seibert, E. Bradshaw, A. A. Seibert, E. Risley, D. Hunsaker, V. Reid, O. Wright.

FINANCIAL REPORT

The financial report of the Y. M. C. A. for the year of 1909-10 beginning September 5th up to the present time.

Receipts

1909		
Sept 6	On hand	$ 7 45
	Rec'd pledges	8 21
	Rec'd membership fees	6 50
Total		$22 16

Expenditures

Paid to Bible Study books		3 75
Paid to stationery		15
Paid to Sub. to papers		1 00
Total		$ 4 90
Oct 1.	On hand	$17 20

Good photos make the nicest Christmas presents. They are permanent, attractive, and they are "you." Get yours early of Dukes.

In this issue you have all that is in the editors' heads at present, but send your subscriptions at once and we will insure an increase of quality each issue.

Ask Hill and Risley if they want last year's experiences duplicated on Hallowe'en night, October 30.

RESOLUTIONS

To Miss Bernadine Strawn, a former member of the Junior class:

Whereas, you have been obliged to discontinue your work in the Southern Collegiate Institute on account of health and

Whereas we, the members of the Junior class have lost one of our most efficient co-workers, one ever ready to promote the best interest of the school and

Whereas we have learned to respect your originality in, and faithful execution, of all class affairs, therefore, be it

Resolved that we, the class of 1911, express to you our deepest regret for having lost so worthy a member from our number.

LAURA E. RISLEY,
MARY A. CAMPBELL,
LOREN C. HILL,
Committee on Resolutions.

A good summary for our debates in literary: "Honorable judges, gentlemen ——— —— thank you."

A friend of ours went to the Springs for change and rest. The waiters got his change and the hotels the rest.—Ex.

"Fair Play"

The vital importance of "Fair Play" on the part of every individual can scarcely be estimated. By "Fair Play" we mean square dealing with your fellow citizen, your teacher,—in fact with every individual with whom you come in contact.

In order to play "fair" with everyone the individual must possess a quality without which "Fair Play" would be impossible and with which he could not do otherwise; namely—honor—a hard thing to define, yet it is a real thing or the entire lack of it. There are no degrees. Every individual possesses honor to the highest degree or the entire lack or it.

If you believe in "Fair Play" you will not put your fellow citizen in a position that you, yourself would not be willing to take for you will have as much regard for the other person's feelings as for your own and thus avoid any unpleasant allusions to his short-comings or misfortunes. You will not ask him to do what you would not be willing to do, neither will you allow him to be humiliated in the least, if it is in your power to avoid it.

The importance of "Fair Play," to the student, is indeed of vital importance. If he is honorable he will not endeavor to deceive his instructors even if he has a chance, neither will he deceive his fellow student, for by so doing he will lose what is of most importance to him—respect for his own actions. What, then has he lost? He has lost all he has for when he loses respect for his own actions he has nothing more to lose. He can never again be the same person he has once been. There will be a dark spot in the history of his life that can never be entirely blotted out, for "Tarnished honor is one stain that can never be washed out." And again—"When honor dies the man is dead."

Above all, resolve to do what is honorable and just and to see that every individual with whom you come in contact gets "Fair Play". By so doing you will command the respect and honorable consideration of your fellow citizens, for you will be known by your dealings with mankind.

The Young Women's Christian Association is an organization of students for students. It is organized to meet their needs and to correspond to their thoughts and desires, whether they be in a large or small school. It is planned to help them in their various work. It brings them out from the narrow life into a life of victory and power. This is the life which can successfully do the work of winning girls to Christ and of interesting them in active Christian service.

Here in our school is our work. We can show to our friends a work so great and so important that the principles and aim of our association can never be questioned. Jesus did not leave to His disciples only comfort. He gave them work and a great responsibility. We, too have that responsibility but, strengthened by the assurance that He will not fail us, and with each wearing the shield of faith and entire consecration, we advance to a vigorous and decisive campaign. We feel sure that we will win, not by might nor by power but by His Spirit.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

It has been well said that the Young Women's Christian Association is the greatest factor for fully developing the lives of young women, both in our colleges and in our cities. Although we as yet, have a comparatively small view of the association, of the work it has done and of the work it is doing, yet we have felt the result in such a way that we know this to be true. Many times have girls' conceptions of life been changed because they have been thrown under the influence of this association which stands for all that is true and Christlike in life. Many times have they been led into the right paths by this movement revealing to them the fact that God has a plan for their lives which is infinitely greater than any they themselves can possibly have. In fact it has given them the rich abundant life of active christian service directed toward the revelation of Christ to other girls as He has been revealed to them.

He has entrusted to us this share of His own work. We hope that our hearts and work may be in such unison with His good and perfect will that he will deposit in our hands wonderful power. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will and it shall be done unto you."

If this association has meant so much to other girls why can it not mean as much to us? It can if we but permit it to do so. In order that this may be realized in the life of every girl she must be willing to participate in the work of our own association—the work which God has planned for her to do.

The real purpose of our student associations is to magnify Christ and to make Him real and vivid to every student. It is not enough to have grown up in a Christian home or in close relationship to a christian church. Nor is it enough once to have entered into personal contact with God. In the busy school life with the addition of social functions and various amusements Christ must constantly be kept before every student if that sweet communion and fellowship with Him continues. This can be done in no better way than in the Christian Associations.

One of the interesting features of our association last month was a candy sale given at Mr. Spiller's store Saturday evening, September 25 Our supply of candy fell far short of the demand. The proceeds were $5.75. We wish to thank all who patronized us or helped in any way in making this a success.

Girls, begin now to make your plans to attend the State Convention which occurs at Galesburg, Knox College, November 4th to 7th. It is a grand place. You will meet some of the best women in the United States. We are very anxious that several of our girls attend this convention.

"Did you say Kuchen Klatch? Why of course we had a grand time. If you come once, you will come again. Try and see. It meets in our room every two weeks on Friday evening."

We have also organized a Bible Class which meets every Tuesday evening at 7:00 at the Y. W. C. A. Room. The text which we are using is "The King and His Kingdom." We find the study very interesting and it is desired that every girl in school will soon be enrolled in our class.

Ex-Students and Alumni

'04 Mr. Henry Gubbins, Superintendent of Schools at Custer, Wash., spent part of his vacation visiting Edwards county people.

Lester Putman, an ex-student was recently married at Mt. Carmel, Ill. to a daughter of Surveyor Chas. Buchanan. They will make their home in the west.

'08 Harlin Hill entered Knox College this fall. He will finish a course in the famous school.

'04 John Hodgson is erecting a beautiful house across from the northeast corner of the campus.

'91 Rev. Lawson Porter will remain at Newton another year as pastor of the M. E. church at that place. Rev. Porter will be remembered by the members of the alumni for the splendid address delivered at the first annual meeting of the association.

'02 Dr. Ben Parmenter took the State Board examination last summer and will practice in this state. He is now located at Bellmont, Ill.

Mr. Grant Balding will have charge of the Northside Grayville schools the coming year.

'04 Mr. J. F. Harper will remain in the Moline High School another year. He spent the summer this year in the Chicago University as a law student.

Mr. Henry Fewkes, a loyal ex-student of the S. C. I., has been spending a part of the summer visiting friends in this and Wabash counties. He is located at Seattle Washington, and is engaged in the real estate business.

'06 Mr. Gilbert Hodgson has returned to St. Louis to continue his studies in the Marion Sims Medical College.

'00 Miss Della Rutger has been again retained as teacher in the high school at Fairfield, Illinois. Miss Rutger has been in the Fairfield school five or six years.

'07 Miss Marion Hines, who was last year the president of the Young Women's Christian Association is a student in Drury College this year.

'09 Mr. Virgil Mills a graduate last year is planning to take the state bar examination in October of this year.

Mr. Jesse Severns changed from assistant principal of Bone Gap to the same in West Salem. The matter of salary was an inducement.

Mr. Brown Baird will return to Indianapolis for the home stretch in his medical course. He had the distinction of being one of the best in the school last year. Mr. Frank Mundy goes with him and will finish a year later.

'05 Mr. Charles Shellhorn has recently become the business manager of the Albion Register. Charley is a hustler and we hope to see him succeed.

Mr. Aden Bristow is in the newspaper business at Portland, Oregon. He was one of the faithful students of 1903.

TEN MINUTES IN AN AZTEC RUIN

(Continued from Page 164)

ures, with the exception of the old man, fell on the ground in postures of grovelling terror. Suddenly a flash of forked flame shot from the fire through the dense smoke. The whole volume of smoke instantly began to glow and brighten until the whole room became filled with blinding light.

"Why, you uninterested, hair brained scalawag," said Dick, as he dug me out of the hole in the rocks, where I had been sleeping. "What's the matter with you? Find the best ruin in all South America after hunting for it three months, then go to sleep over it. You are a good one."

I climbed out and looked about me. The Aztec ruin was real enough but the old sage and his followers were a minus quantity. I went over into the corner where I had dreamed the fire to be and found nothing but a jumbled mass of stones: But I had had a most interesting ten minutes in the old Aztec ruin.

Mr. Anderson divides humanity into little people who make lots of noise in the halls, and large people who make scarcely any noise. Ladies and gentlemen of the study room I call you to witness that the aforesaid gentleman belongs to the latter class.

Eugene R.—"Oh my, I almost made a hit today in English and now I wish I had."

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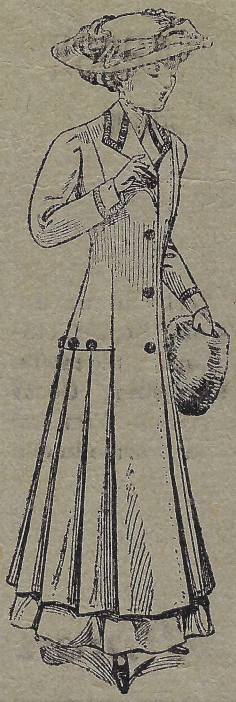

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